ENGLISH POLITICS

MR. GLADSTONE—THE SESSION THUS FAR.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, March 8.

Mr. Gladstone's return to London and reappearance in the House is a delight to his friends for more reasons than one. They are glad for his sake that he has stayed away so long, and they are glad, for their own sake and for the country, that he has not stayed away longer. You have heard, as we have all heard here, rumors that he was about to retire from public life and to accept a peerage. Such rumors spring up, or, more truly speaking, are set afloat, as often as Mr. Gladstone has a cold, or fails for whatever reason to take his usual place in the House. They are not true, and, considering that they come not from Mr Gladstone's friends but from his enemies, it may be said that they are totally unauthorized and misleading.

It must, nevertheless, be conceded that Mr. Gladstone returns to work with reluctance. His stay at Cannes is the first real vacation he has had since he became Prime Minister. From the day of his arrival on the Mediterranean coast, his strength and spirits revived. So did his appetite for literary work, and he took up almost at once his long-neglected Homeric studies, and pursued them with zest during his whole stay. The place charmed him,—the air, the view, the walks, the freedom from duties, and, for the most part, from troublesome company, all delighted him. At first he was impatient to return. A sense of postponed duties tormented him. Very soon a different mood ensued. His family and friends, who had had much difficulty in persuading him to stay over the opening of Parliament, began to experience a fear of another sort. Having once reconciled himself to absence he became disposed to prolong it. He announced that he meant to remain in Cannes till Easter. Day by day the fascination of freedom grew upon him. I don't know that he ever pronounced the word resignation, but I think it may be said that those about him became convinced that the thought of it was in his mind. They began to dread lest it should really become a serious purpose. The alarm was communicated to London. His colleagues, who at first had done their best to induce him to protract his vacation, now did their best to induce him to abridge it. Urgent messages travelled across France to the Château Scott. Influences of many kinds were brought to bear, and finally with success.

Making no secret of his extreme reluctance to give up his newly-found liberty, Mr. Gladstone fixed the day for turning his face northward, and northward he started at the hour agreed. He puts on harness in a very different spirit from that of a few years ago. When he quitted his retirement in 1876 to denounce the Bulgarian horrors and prevent the complicity of England in the atrocious policy of Turkey, he entered upon his task with joy. He continued it, completed it, resumed it in 1879, overthrew Lord Beaconsfield and his Government in 1880, and ever since has worked like a giant. Work has been a delight to him all his life long. His only idea of rest was to do something else. Now he returns to it with a struggle; accepts it as a duty, and will probably do three times as much as any of his colleagues; no longer because he cannot help it but because he thinks he ought. He admits that he feels the burden, but of laying it down he has at present no thought, and for the future no definite purpose.

The notion that Mr. Gladstone will some day make himself a Peer, often as it has been talked of, is not one that commends itself to those most devoted to him, nor, it is believed, to himself. Disraeli in the House of Lords seemed in his right place. He had been a champion of the order, and of most things which the majority of the order support. He cared greatly for splendor, for rank, for the deference which in this country is accorded to title. For none of these things does Mr. Gladstone care. Most of those whose confidence has been given to him would regard his presence in a Chamber of Peers as an incongruity. It was the fitting close of Disraeli's career. It would not be a fitting close of Mr. Gladstone's career. It is hardly too much to say that the announcement of his elevation to an Earldom would be in some respects such a shock to the Liberal party as fell upon England when Pitt became Earl of Chatham; utterly different as the circumstances would be.

Yet even his title has been chosen for him. Mr. Gladstone, say the gossips, not for the first time, is to be Earl of Liverpool. There are several objections to that. There are always objections to giving a new man an old title. The Queen, I hear, who liked Lord Liverpool, would be disposed to withhold her assent. Then, although the title is extinct, the family is not. Two daughters of the third and last Earl are still living, and their wishes are entitled to consideration. The reason given for pitching on this title for Mr. Gladstone is, of course, that he was born in Liverpool. But there are plenty of other names at his disposal, should he be disposed to claim them, and at present the matter may be left where it belongs, in the region of pure conjecture.

The House gave its Leader a warm greeting on his return, and repeated it when he rose for the first time. All his friends and most of his opponents are glad to have him back again. Politics apart, the House is a more interesting place with Mr. Gladstone than without him. Lord Hartington, who has acted as his substitute, has carried on business with discretion, energy and unfailing good sense. For the purposes of the debate on the address, he has been, perhaps, a not less useful leader than his chief would have been. He has certainly contributed less than Mr. Gladstone would have done to the stream of talk which for three weeks flowed on without ceasing. There are circumstances in which silence, or moderate speech, is not an unmixed disadvantage. The present Secretary of State for War has one point of superiority over the Prime Minister as Leader of the House. He cannot be "drawn." In vain do the Parnellites rage and the Fourth Party imagine vain things. Taunts, sneers, invective, insinuations, which sting Mr. Gladstone into indignant retort, are wasted upon the stoical composure of the future Duke of Devonshire. To watch the cool indifference with which Lord Hartington receives the insults of half a dozen opponents makes one consider whether, after all, aristocracy has not its uses. There is no armor against vulgar impertinence like contempt. It is impenetrable if it be genuine, and nobody can doubt the utter genuineness of Lord Hartington's contempt for the offensive personalities he has to meet.

What is wanting to Lord Hartington is what would be wanting to anyone holding power temporarily, and that is authority. Neither he nor anybody else in Mr. Gladstone's absence could give a decisive answer to any important question. This has been seen in more cases than one; in none, perhaps, with more clearness than on the question of withdrawing the troops from Egypt. Lord Hartington took it upon himself to say they might all be out of the country in six months. Lord Granville, in the other House, about the same time was remarking that nothing could be more indiscreet than to fix a date for their return. And one of Mr. Gladstone's first declarations on resuming the reins was designed to remedy the evil effect of Lord Hartington's assurance. It must not, said Mr. Gladstone, be considered anything more than the expression of a hope. And he went on to intimate, in no obscure terms, that he himself did not even share the hope. In a word, he threw over Lord Hartington; most considerately and regretfully, but threw him over. It was necessary, for England otherwise would have stood pledged to a policy which is not hers, and which might well enough have resulted in the loss of all, or nearly all, that she and Egypt together have gained by the suppression of Arabi. "We are in Egypt," said Mr. Gladstone, "for the establishment of order and stability; we are there for the improvement of the institutions of the country; we are there to secure, so far as depends on ourselves, the fulfilment of international engagements; and we are there undoubtedly in a principal degree in reference to the freedom and security of the great passage by the Canal from one sea to another." To withdraw till these objects have been made sure is no part of Mr. Gladstone's purpose, and it is tolerably clear that he has no expectation of seeing them made sure within the next six months.

On neither side of the House has there been any important change of position or reputation since the session began save in Mr. Parnell's case. Mr. Fawcett has returned and been welcomed, and Mr. Childers is here as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but will not make his first Budget speech till after Easter. All the heavy work of the session is yet to come, and none of it can really make progress till the House comes together after its usual vacation. It is the fashion among people who measure the passage of time by the passage of bills to speak of the session thus far as wasted. It has not been wasted. It was worth spending three weeks to unveil Mr. Parnell and convict him of connivance with that mass of Irish crime which agitators have heretofore appealed to flippantly as proof of Irish grievances. Now that the crime is seen to have been part of the agitation, the men who profited by it have been permanently discredited with the English public.

It may be worth noting that even Lord Randolph Churchill has broken off political relations with Mr. Parnell. In that astonishing speech which the member for Woodstock addressed to his constituents some ten days ago, he denounced Irish agitation with almost as much fervor as he did the Government. He no longer cherishes the hope, or the immediate hope, of an alliance with Home Rulers for the overthrow of the Ministry. Lord Randolph himself might still be willing enough to work with them, for he has shown in the last two sessions that he is not scrupulous about the political company he keeps. But he is not careless of public opinion so far as it affects his personal fortunes, and he sees clearly enough that a combination of Conservatives and Land League chiefs will no longer answer. Probably he does not like Mr. Forster the better for having made it impossible.

Sir Stafford Northcote, meantime, is letting the reins slip further and further through his fingers. He hardly pretends to lead his party. He has come back in better health, of which everybody is glad, but evidently in no mood to rule the more turbulent spirits who are supposed to be under his authority. His attempt to revive the Kilmainham controversy came too late. Last session such a challenge to Ministers would have rejoiced the Conservatives, but even the duller souls perceive that Parliament cannot devote one session to reviewing the debates of the preceding. Kilmainham has done its work. It injured the Government with the country, but it has been condoned, and the Tories have taken nothing by their scandalous attempt to spatter the Government with some of the Phœnix Park blood. They had a chance to use Carey's disclosures. They might have joined from the beginning in the wise and patriotic work of fastening upon the Land League the responsibility for what was done in its name. They preferred the hopeless task of incriminating the Ministry. The result is that they are weaker and the Ministry is stronger than when the session opened.

G. W. S.

THE IRISH AND MR. TREVELYAN—MAILS AND MARRIAGE.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, March 10.

The most striking Irish episode of the week is perhaps that connected with the name of Mr. O'Brien, the new member for Ireland, and Editor of *United Ireland*, that journal of the Land League of which Mr. Parnell and Mr. McCarthy are part proprietors. Mr. O'Brien seems to have been chosen by Mr. Parnell as the fittest instrument of the policy announced just before the session began by *The Freeman's Journal*. That policy is to denounce Mr. Trevelyan as Mr. Forster was denounced. Mr. O'Brien in his place in Parliament names Mr. Trevelyan as deserving the execration of the world. This, too, is part of the "machinery of murder," and it is not the first time that from the benches where the Parnellites sit the signal has been given for the shot fired behind the hedge, or the knife plunged into the victim's back.

This time, I am glad to say, the performance was not allowed to pass without challenge. Mr. Trevelyan rose at once, and, in terms in which there is no ambiguity, told the House the meaning and intent of Mr. O'Brien's attack. Four men, said the Chief Secretary, have successively been held up to the execration of the people of Ireland in a certain paper, and those four were Mr. Forster, the late Mr. Burke, Mr. Justice Lawson and Mr. Field the juryman. "I ask the House," continued Mr. Trevelyan in cool, firm tones, "to remember the connecting link between those four." Has anybody anywhere in the world forgotten it—forgotten that all four were targets for the assassin? Within the last two weeks the same sort of attack has been directed against the present Chief Secretary. *United Ireland* describes Mr. Trevelyan as the most hated man in Ireland—precisely the phrase levelled of old at Mr. Forster. Up to this time, says the organ of Mr. Parnell and Mr. McCarthy, no one could be found more inhuman or more destitute of any sense of feeling than Mr. Forster; but at last a person had appeared more inhuman and more destitute of common feeling than Mr. Forster, and that is Mr. Trevelyan. To which Mr. Parnell cried loudly, "Hear, hear!"

Mr. Parnell, well knowing what was coming, had sought at the outset of Mr. Trevelyan's speech to interrupt him, appealing to the Speaker on a point of "order"; but vainly. There was nothing left for him but to brazen it out with savage cries, as he did. Mr. Sexton followed suit. He avowed in so many words that "so long as he was able to speak he would not be silent nor bate one word of what he conceived to be the truth because criticisms upon public men had led to violence." Mr. Gladstone underlined the remark in the usual House of Commons way, which means that note is taken of a significant declaration. Upon which Mr. Sexton repeated it.

What does all this mean if it does not mean that the Parnellites are more and more openly avowing that complicity with crime of which Mr. Forster has convicted Mr. Parnell himself?

But it is not convenient to Englishmen who plead the Home Rule cause that the connection between its various classes of Irish advocates should be too flagrant. The use of murder as a political instrument, long as it has been practised in Ireland, has not become congenial to Englishmen, and English allies of Irish Home Rule are nervous under such plain speaking as Mr. Trevelyan's, and such unblushing candor as Mr. O'Brien's and Mr. Parnell's and Mr. Sexton's. Says *The Daily News*: "The terms in which Mr. O'Brien spoke of Mr. Trevelyan cannot be too severely condemned; though it would be absurd to attribute to any rhetoric of passion the long and patiently organized and carefully executed crimes which Mr. Trevelyan held up to the just indignation of the House."

Whose hand pens that sentence? Is it Mr. McCarthy, joint proprietor of the paper that designates the victims of Irish "patriotism" to the assassin, and still an editorial writer on *The Daily News*? This Liberal organ told us not long ago that the idea of suppressing the provocation to murder offered by spoken or printed words was among the "fallacies of despotism." The power of shutting its eyes and ears to notorious but inconvenient facts is among the most singular accomplishments of this singular journal. If Mr. O'Brien pointed his finger across the street at Mr. Trevelyan, and a patiently organized band of cutthroats carefully executed Mr. Trevelyan then and there, it would, I suppose, be "absurd" to attribute to Mr. O'Brien any connection with the crime?

The writer of the sentence in *The Daily News*, whether he be Mr. McCarthy or a sympathizer with Mr. McCarthy's Irish views, knows well what the state of things is to-day. The Invincibles are not broken up. The source and centre of the conspiracy was and is in London. Not for a year and a half has the life of any member of the Government directly connected with Irish administration been safe in London any more than in Dublin. Mr. Trevelyan, denounced by *The Daily News* as adopting the fallacies of despotism, and by *United Ireland* as the most inhuman and hated man in the kingdom, is in hourly peril. He is not allowed to walk the streets of London without a guard. His house is guarded, his carriage is guarded, his friends are guarded while they are with him, and he himself goes armed, and is forbidden by the authorities who are responsible for his safety ever to lay aside his revolver. All these facts are perfectly well known to the writer I am quoting. Mr. Forster, who escaped by a miracle, Mr. Burke, who did not escape, Mr. Justice Lawson, who was attacked in the streets of Dublin, Mr. Field, who was stabbed almost to death, also in the streets,—every one of them in turn was pointed at by the murderous finger which last night in the House and for the last two weeks in Dublin has guided assassins to their work.

But it is "absurd" to trace any connection between them. That *The Daily News* and its Editor abhor murder is certain. But the language they hold about Mr. Trevelyan in such circumstances as exist, and the infinitely more wicked and abominable language held by Mr. Parnell and his allies, which *The Daily News* palliates and perverts, contribute, though in very different degrees, to increase the peril that menaces the Chief Secretary.

The impression made on the House by Mr. Trevelyan's statement was so damaging to the Parnellites that Mr. O'Brien returned to the subject next evening. Unlike Mr. Parnell, the Member for Mallow strove to minimize the meaning of his murderous articles. He urged that he had not named Mr. Burke,—he had only made a remark about the "rats in the Castle cellars." Most people would think that enough, but Mr. O'Brien did not do himself full justice. Mr. Trevelyan cited other articles. The Castle officials were not only rats but impostors and asps. That was the sort of writing which preceded the death of Mr. Burke. Of Mr. Justice Lawson Mr. O'Brien said that he "did not attempt to conceal his indecent longing for a conviction" in the Hynes case. And so on. The proof, in short, was accumulated till the best thing Mr. O'Donnell, who came to the defence, could urge was that English papers said things just as bad. But the defence has not availed. It is not a true account of the matter, and if it were it would not relieve Mr. O'Brien from his moral responsibility for the murders.

Mr. Fawcett's reappearance in the House gives rise to hopes that the officialism of his department is not to have everything its own way in the matter of steamship contracts. Mr. Baxter put an elaborate question to him, of which the substance is this: Does not the American system of sending mails by the fastest ships, belonging to no matter which line, secure greater regularity and efficiency than the British system? Mr. Baxter made bold to ask Mr. Fawcett whether he was not aware that the Catalonia and Pavonia and other ships of the Cunard Line carrying mails made passages, as a rule, several days longer than the Alaska and Arizona of the Guion Line, carrying no mails? He asked whether the Inman Line was not at present employing chartered steamers of inferior power, and whether the outward mails from Great Britain did not frequently take fourteen or fifteen days in the passage. Finally, queried Mr. Baxter, if these and other statements be true, and the inward mail is much better than the outward, what is there to prevent England from following the example of the United States?

After the cheers that greeted the Postmaster-General had subsided, he said that, without entering into details in the House, he would undertake that an inquiry should be made with the object of ascertaining whether any improvement in the service be possible. If Mr. Fawcett will himself take part in the inquiry there can be no doubt of the result. The contract system is doomed. It has been tried and found wanting. The present condition of the Inman service would alone be sufficient to condemn it. That company gets £35,000 a year for carrying the mails. What has become of its fleet? Only to-day comes the report that the City of Chester has put into Halifax with a broken screw. The City of Brussels has lately been sunk. The City of Richmond broke down on her outward voyage. The City of Chicago is "building." The City of Paris is old and slow. There remains the City of Berlin—one ship to perform a weekly mail service between Liverpool and New-York. The Cunard Company is running, besides such freight ships as those named by Mr. Baxter, the Parthia and the Bothnia, and two really fast and good steamers, the Gallia and Servia. That is what the contract system has brought us to. Two out of the three lines to which a monopoly is given have not the ships to do the work efficiently.

The American Episcopal clergyman who wrote the letter about marriage with a deceased wife's sister, published anonymously in *The Church Quarterly Review*, is likely to hear more of it. The letter painted an appalling picture of the social evils resulting in the United States from the marriages, or from the legal possibility of marriage, between brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law. It has been, as I said the other day, a useful weapon in the hands of the opponents of the bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister in England. With a view to ascertaining how much truth there is in this clergyman's very highly flavored statements, the Earl of Dalhousie, who has charge of the bill in the House of Lords, has addressed letters to each of the Governors of States, asking them to say what they know about the matter. Similar letters have been sent to the editors of American newspapers, and inquiries have also been set on foot in Germany.

The fate of this bill in the House of Commons is a curious illustration of the lottery system of legislation prevailing in England. It is a private member's bill—a bill, that is, brought in by a private member and not by the Government. Sir Thomas Chambers, who has charge of it, thought himself very lucky in securing by ballot the second Wednesday of the session for the discussion of the measure. If matters had run their ordinary course, the bill would then have been debated in a morning sitting, and the second reading carried by a very large majority. But Ireland stood in the way, as it generally does. The debate on the Address was not finished, and Wednesday was swallowed up in a flood of Irish talk. It is not likely that another opportunity will occur this session. The Lords, however, who rejected the bill last year by three votes, will again be asked to pass it, and probably will yield. The mishap of last year was due to absentees who had promised to be present. So keen is the controversy that the number of Peers taking part in the vote is one of the largest known on any question. The Prince of Wales voted for it. Lord Houghton is president of the association which has existed since 1851 exclusively to effect this reform, which episcopal and ecclesiastical bigotry has been successfully invoked to defeat. The activity on one side is perhaps as great as the other. Hardly had the new Archbishop of Canterbury been a month nominated when he felt himself obliged to write a letter contradicting the report that he was in favor of the measure. But the pressure of public opinion is more potent than bishops and archbishops, and ultimately the bill must become law.

G. W. S.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

From The Boston Herald.

Opposite a *Herald* man, at a table in a Cornhill restaurant, at dinner recently, sat a man from Cambridge, who was a native of New-Hampshire. Meeting an old acquaintance, the conversation soon turned on family topics and the pair began to talk about their former neighbors in a most familiar way. "Yes," remarked the Cambridge gentleman, "Sam was in many respects different from the rest of the boys. You remember who he married? Well, when the old man, his father, found that he was shinin' round with her, he called him one day in the barn and said: 'Sam, d'ye intend to marry Beckie?' Sam never said a word, so the old man said: 'Mo boy, ye know all about them. I can't tell ye nothin'. Ye know how the sisters has turned out, and not one of them is now livin' with their husbands.' Sam was as mum as a pantomime, and, just as soon as he was ready, him and Beckie got tied.

"They lived on a farm, and everything went on smooth for about a year, and it came to hog butcherin' time. Sam got all ready to have the usual party for the occasion, and just as he was sharpenin' up the knives Beckie came out and said: 'Sam, I'm goin' home.' Sam protested in his quiet way, but it was no use, so he said he'd get a man to row her across the pond. It was about half a mile over. She said: 'No, ye won't; ye'll row me over yerself!' Sam told her he couldn't, and Beckie fired up and said: 'Then I'll drown meself.' Sam said he'd go with her if she wanted to do that, so the boat was got ready, she got in, and they rowed out till the water was twenty feet deep. Then Sam stopped and said: 'Well, Beckie, this is a good place for ye to drown yerself!' She didn't open her mouth. He waited awhile and then said: 'Come, Beckie, I'm in a hurry to git back.' She never looked up. Sam put down the oars, caught hold of her and pitched her in. She grabbed for the boat, but he wouldn't let her get near it. When she was almost done out she said: 'Sam, let me in that boat and ye'll not hear anything more from me out o' the way.'

"So he pulled her in, and they went back home. She changed her clothes and entertained the guests. They're now nearly eighty and you never saw a happier old couple—did you? I don't think they ever spoke of that duckin' since the day she was goin' to drown herself."

THE INS AND OUTS OF CAIRO.

BY-LANES, SHOPS AND MOSQUES—DOGS AND DERVISHES.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

CAIRO, March 2.—The unusually cold weather in the South of France has driven many visitors to the shores of the Nile. Lord Napier of Magdala is here, inspecting the ruined forts, and advising the Government as to some changes in armament and improvements in external defences. Lord and Lady Wynward, the Duke of Hamilton, and Earl Caithness are loitering in the pleasant weather. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker are seeking health, and the indefatigable Mrs. Brassey has just come down the Nile, where she has doubtless made notes for another book. Mackenzie Wallace is gathering information about the "Fellaheen," and Dr. Russell (of Bull Run) mingles in the noisy throng with a merry jest, but open ears, to pick up the latest bits of news. Two nights ago a great reception was given by Lord Dufferin at the Embassy, and last evening Lady Nubar, the French wife of the "most enlightened Moslem," as he is called, Nubar Pacha, gave a brilliant entertainment in her own palace.

This is Friday, the Sabbath of Islam, and on the Shubra road the dark beauties of the harems in the gauziest of veils will woo the breezes and slily court the admiring glances of the red-coated horsemen. It is said that if granted they would reject the boon of complete freedom, as it would serve to lessen the jealous esteem in which they are held by their proprietors. Certain it is that the hideous eunuch who sits upon the box with the driver is a ready go-between in endless intrigues, and that the value of the virtue of many of the secluded fair ones is only in the name. A notable Pacha who had lived long in London and Paris, on being asked why, with his liberal views upon all other questions, he did not set the example of freeing his womenfolk from absurd restraints, replied that it was because he had lived in Europe that he preferred to keep them under lock and key.

Cairo is certainly a fascinating city, but to see it under its best aspects one must abandon donkey and driver and plunge into the narrow lanes, right or left, ask no questions, but just dive in wherever chance or fancy may direct. Here in the close courts and alleys you find the life of the Orient, and here in the densest byways are bazaars and the miniature factories that supply them. There was originally a kind of High street which ran north and south, and from this innumerable lanes have diverged, which are as crooked as the ways of evil, and redolent of all odors from frankincense and attar to garlic. A stick is an invaluable accompaniment on all pedestrian excursions, for although foreigners are as plentiful as flies, the natives still pursue them with intolerable curiosity. The raising of the stick will make a man start away several yards, and a fixed glance, even if of admiration, at some beautiful little girl will cause her to scream and fly precipitately from the evil eye of the stranger. But if curiosity or cupidity frequently triumphs over fear, there is a deep-seated aversion in the Arab heart to all but those of his own faith. The advent of the English troops has brought trade and security into the country; and if Lord Dufferin should carry out the reforms he has planned, foreign capital and machinery will soon lighten the burdens of the people. But to this they appear indifferent, and prefer their own sort of civilization and happy hunting-grounds. In many a household verses pass from hand to hand, and are hung upon the walls, bemoaning the condition of the city. "O Masr (Cairo), how hast thou fallen. Weep for the fate of the beautiful pearl. Weep, let us bow our heads and weep, for strange men ride armed through the streets."

The Muski and the Boulevard Mohammed Ali have cut the old High street in twain, and monopolized the more modern shops, but the Arab trades are still carried on in the labyrinth of lanes. In one barely wide enough for two persons to pass are the shops of the silversmiths, and all the courts leading from it resound with the furnaces and bellows of the workers in precious metals. The patterns of their goods are generally reproductions of the old Cairene, and the wily dealer has always a discolored specimen of one of these forms to pass off upon the curious traveller as genuine work of the Soudan. With the exception of articles of general consumption, the value of which is fixed, a preposterous price is in the first instance always demanded, so that shopping is an occupation of joy to the gentler sex, as in other more fashionable capitals. Squatting side by side upon the shop board, the merchant and the fair shoppers discuss their coffee, smoke cigarettes, talk scandal, and every now and then, as if by accident, return to the object of the purchase. Fifty francs are sometimes asked for an article which may be eventually obtained for five. Time seems to be of no importance to the trader, but the hurried traveller finds it a sore trial to his temper to bargain for several hours, even with the assistance of a dozen other Arabs, who drop in to advise and assist. In the courts of the Mosque of Muristan Kalaun, once a spacious hospital erected by a Sultan of that name, the coppersmiths have established their forges, and the sound of many hammers and the voices of many tinkers now break in upon the devotions of the faithful. In a lane adjacent groups of tailors are cutting and stitching garments, embroiderers are tracing gorgeous ornaments for the running footmen, and weavers are throwing off thousands of yards of gold lace for the new mushroom Egyptian army. There are mountains of brilliantly colored Manchester goods for women's wear; stacks of mysterious articles from the coasts of the Red Sea; labyrinths of yellow slippers, and such a wilderness of red-toed shoes that one marvels how the bare-footed population will ever wear them out.

Among the noisy mass that throngs the streets the only creatures that accept Kismet in its absolute entirety are the dogs. Generally of the color of the sad desert itself, they are the most forlorn, miserable, mangy mongrels accident ever produced. With foxy heads and half-opened eyes, they lie in twos and threes in the sunniest and most inconvenient places, and when kicked out of the way or trodden under foot they make no remonstrance, but trail off to some other spot equally pleasant and inconvenient for the pedestrian. They appear utterly devoid of pluck, spirit or intention, and exhibit no emotion, except when they catch sight of a bone in the fist of an Arab munching his dinner on the sidewalk. They about half wake up then, and surround the diner in a semicircle, blinking at the bone in a faint sort of feeble expectancy. Indeed, there is but one thing that binds them to life, and that is to keep their beat inviolate. If a stray dog should venture into the street where he was not dragged up, he or she will be instantly assailed by the entire detachment of that street and compelled to fly or immediately become a meal. In other parts of Egypt the dog displays some of the qualities expected, but in Cairo he is too degenerate a beast to inspire sympathy, and too stupid to accept it even if it were offered.

Cairo is said to possess 250 mosques, a great number of them on the line of one cramped and ancient thoroughfare. The Mosque of El Ahmar, with a lofty portal and a vast and graceful interior, is undergoing restoration. This has been undertaken by a council recently constituted to protect and preserve the public monuments, and the authorities have wisely added the antiquarian Rogers Bey and ten other Europeans to the body. Close to El Ahmar you pass under the Bal es Zurveyleh, the grandest yet left of the city gates, but now in its very heart, and like the mosques painted with great stripes of dark red. It was built by the Circassian Sultan Tuman, and the last of his line was hanged at its portal some three centuries and a half ago. This spot, the junction of four streets, is one of the busiest in the whole city, and it is moreover said to be haunted by the ghost of a devout old Kutb, or saint, called Mutawelli who occasionally manifests himself in feeble flickers of flame. There are just as many uncomfortable places made holy in Egypt by the earthly sojourn of some filthy ascetic as in civilized countries, and it is generally the custom here to hang bits of clothing, scraps of hair, or teeth past chewing upon the shrine as propitiatory offerings to the saint's spook.

Passing the Muristan and a dozen other mosques in different states of decay, I cross the Boulevard Mohammed Ali and pull up at the Mosque El Akbar. It is Friday, about 2 p. m., and a number of Giaours from New-York and other great cities are arriving every moment. This unusual gathering indicates that something is going on, or is "going to go on." I ascend some crooked stairs, traverse sundry passages, and then, to my great astonishment, find myself in a veritable circus, with a veritable ring, a veritable upper balcony, and a veritable orchestra in the middle of it. The circus is of wood, neatly painted green, but instead of medallions of galloping horses or equestrian sylphs, there are verses of the Koran, written in Arabic letters. The ring is there, carefully railed in, but there is a floor instead of the orthodox tan and sawdust, and on this floor there squats a circle of pious meditative persons of all ages and colors. They wear tall woollen hats and long loose skirts, and some of them are perfect dandies, their beards being trimmed to a charm, and their collars, cuffs and visible linen starched to delight the most *exigeante* belle. These are evidently the *jeunes premiers* of the troupe, but they are now as solemn and demure as the "first old man," who occupies a seat on the floor facing the orchestra, and who is bent double from long, serious consideration; indeed, his back is so bent that he is not able to get up to an erect position, but when the band strikes up he does get up as high as he can and proceeds to make some remarks which Giaours cannot, of course, understand. The flutes discourse sweet music, and at a signal the circle of performers proceed to parade around the ring in single file. This is kept up till all the performers have had an opportunity of impressing the audience, and then at a tap of the drum each takes a different position on the floor, and begins, like the heavenly bodies, to revolve each on his own axis. It is not waltzing, for they never move from their positions, but they spin round on one toe, accelerating the movement with the other foot, until their voluminous petticoats are inflated like balloons, and the heads of the spectators spin in unison with their gyrations. But in their wildest flights the artistic Dervishes never forget the pose of their figures, and some of the dandies twirled with as many pretty airs as pets of the ballet at the opera. But there is some stimulus wanting to-day: either the divine afflatus is not there or there are not enough lookers on to guarantee a liberal "bakshish." They do not spin as furiously nor dive down and strike the floor and then spring up with that velocity which others who have witnessed their performance have led us to expect. And when they stop suddenly, as cool as cucumbers, and *exeunt*, preceded by the "first old man," spectators feel that they have been to a certain extent swindled; and as we pass out and meet the sexton of this pious brotherhood holding the universal hat, we rebel and only respond with the small st coins, and are not melted with the reproving look of the sexton, who, with a franc in one hand as the standard of what he would like to receive, accepted with the other hand the "beggarly piastre," and mumbled in Arabic what the London "cabby" expresses in his vernacular as "Wot's this?"

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE.

OLD MEMORIES OF AN ARTIST.

ENGLISH PEERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN—SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER IN A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: There are two mistakes with regard to Englishmen on the other side which are, or were some years ago, very prevalent in this country. One is that Englishmen, as compared with Americans, are haughty and reserved travelling companions. The other is that noblemen in England are to be found kicking about loose in the greatest profusion, and that every decently connected Briton who visits this country must be on intimate terms with a dozen or two at least. I remember an exceedingly wealthy manufacturer from the North of England, resident in this country, being introduced to a fashionable lady, who dotted her conversation with frequent inquiries as to whether he had ever met Lord So-and-so, or whether he was acquainted with the Earl of This-or-that, until at last the Englishman, having got to his tenth "No," exclaimed: "Good Heavens! madam, I never spoke to a peer in my life." It is probable that not one Englishman in five hundred in this country, or at home, ever did speak to a peer, unless he happened to be a horse-jockey or a coachman, or except in the casual intercourse of travel, which leads me naturally to the other mistake, mentioned above. I may say that Englishmen scarcely ever travel together for an hour without getting into conversation. After the exchange of a few words they can always tell each others' status. There are certain Masonic signs, so to speak, the heritage, probably, of generations, which cannot be counterfeited, and which are recognized at once. A peculiar inflection of the voice, the use of certain words, the motion of the hands, the lips, the eyes, are the signs which must be practised from the cradle in order to pass the guard.

Once crossing the British Channel from Boulogne to Dover with my father and sister, I observed a tall, elderly stranger walk up to the former, and enter into conversation, while a younger stranger, of distinguished appearance, addressed himself to my sister. The latter proceeding was, of course, *hors de tout regle*, but my sister, perceiving that he was perfectly well-bred, responded politely. They conversed together, the two strangers and my two relatives, during the rest of the passage. When the boat reached Dover the elder gentleman shook hands with my father, and said he hoped to renew the acquaintance at some future day in London. "May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" was the natural response. The gentleman drew a card from his pocket, and handed it to my father. It was the Marquis of Lansdown, Prime Minister of England, the younger man being the Earl of Shelbourne, his son. Subsequently the Premier gave my father a very excellent appointment under Government. This does not look like excessive English hauteur and reserve. Although Prime Ministers perhaps are not picked up every day, I am sure that most Englishmen given to knocking about have met with many somewhat analogous cases.

Talking of titled folk recalls to my mind a scene I witnessed, not long after this occurrence, in the city of Lincoln, where Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer ran for Parliament against one Mr. Seely, a miller, and was defeated. I was then engaged in superintending the construction of a small section of the Great Northern Railroad, which runs through the city of the Queen of Minsters. I had read "Pelham," and "The Last of the Barons," and was, in consequence, a strong Bulwer man, as indeed were all our staff for the same sufficient reason. There was a public meeting called in Bulwer's interest at the town theatre, which we all attended in force, to do our best in the way of applause, for we had no more votes than so many cats. In the theatre, Bulwer and his immediate friends occupied the stage. Bulwer was seated in the middle smoking a large meerschaum pipe, his friends mostly being similarly engaged with cigars. In a private box sat his opponent, Mr. Seely, with half a dozen companions, each ostentatiously puffing away at one of those long white clay pipes known in England as "Church Wardens." This was to show their democratic spirit, and catch the popular vote. It was rather a singular piece of clap-trap: the highest representative of bourgeois respectability, the rich miller of the town, who would have lost caste at once had he been seen in the street smoking, even a cigar, puffing away at a clay pipe, with a number of other decorous citizens, in a public play-house, while the veriest type of aristocratic refinement and æsthetic culture was doing the same thing with a big meerschaum, and both trying to smoke themselves into the good-will of a voting constituency. Bulwer made a graceful speech. The miller and his men smoked. We shouted and cheered. The miller pulled at his pipe. A show of hands was called for. It was declared divided by the chairman. The end of it all was that Bulwer was defeated, and Seely elected, although Bulwer's brother, or uncle, was one of the county magnates, and had a large estate adjoining the city. I was stopping at the same hotel at which Bulwer put up, and one day walked down stairs behind him. It may be interesting to the admirers of "Pelham" to know that he wore white duck trousers, striped with blue, which were considerably frayed out at the heels!

FRANK BELLEW.

New-York, March 6, 1883.

In a certain office under the Crown it was found necessary many years ago to employ a staff of foreign examiners in order to translate the documents which were submitted in support of certain charges. An old German was seated with one of the commissioners, renowned for his piety and courteous speech. The commissioner, pointing to a name on the list, inquired what had become of him. The German replied, "Oh, he is dead, and gone to h—ll." The commissioner, horror-struck, replied, "My dear sir, you must not speak of him in that way." "Never-a-mind," said the German, "never-a-mind:" then in a mysterious and emphatic whisper he added, "You vait—some day you vill see!"

MISS FANNY HYLAND.

BIGGAR'S LOVE FOR HYLAND WHISKEY—FRANK BYRNE'S LIBERATION.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, March 9.

I have met here Miss Fanny Hyland, the plaintiff in the breach-of-promise case which has afforded such a good laugh this week to London. She resolved, I believe ten years ago at least, never to be older than thirty-five. When young she must have been extremely winsome without being regularly beautiful. Miss Fanny is a maid of Kilkenny, and I have no doubt that "her cheeks" formerly were "like the roses, and lips much the same." She is still agreeable, and many friends of hers tell me she is one of the best-hearted souls imaginable. Her musical talents are remarkable. She plays the harp, guitar and piano as well almost as a professional artist. Besides these accomplishments she and her no less accomplished sister Mary are excellent housekeepers and have a wonderful capacity for making cloaks, dresses and bonnets in the most fashionable style. I have been told that out of the merest snips of ribbon and scraps of silk, lace and velvet, they can produce *chefs d'œuvres* of millinery.

Mr. Biggar, the Home Rule M. P., may or may not have intended marriage. But he certainly intended to get all that he could out of the Hyland sisters in the way of pleasant living. They are naturally hospitable, and gay in the sense the Irish attach to the latter term. Their gayety is consistent with the strictest propriety of conduct. The fact that Miss Fanny allowed herself to be kissed in a railway carriage is to me proof positive of a matrimonial engagement. I saw her shortly after she was jilted, in the drawing-room of a friend. We were looking over the contents of a photograph album. It contained many portraits of Home Rulers. When I came to that of Mr. Biggar, whom I had never seen and who had been earning a questionable reputation as an obstructionist, she asked:

"And what do you think of that one?"

I said: "He is simply frightful."

"What do you think would be his disposition?"

"If there's anything in physiognomy, he ought to be hard and cross-grained."

She burst out laughing and replied: "He's all that. And would you believe me, I was once inclined to think the best of that man? Indeed, we were engaged to be married. We often went into churches together, and I used to pray that I might really bring myself to love him. I am very glad now that he deserted me, for I cannot help feeling that he would have been an unkind husband and rendered me miserable."

There is great *naïveté* both in Fanny and Mary Hyland and their aunt, Miss Elizabeth Hanbury, who appeared as a witness for the plaintiff. Miss Hanbury is a delightful old maid. She is determined to remain young always, and has so far succeeded. Not that she exactly tries to be beautiful forever. But she is very lively, very sociable, very good-natured, and allows her nieces to dress her as they please. Their intimate friends assure me that they take more pride in their aunt looking attractive and pretty than in being nicely attired themselves. And pretty she does look, in a curious sort of way. She is always fashionably rigged out and wears an extraordinary wig which, if artificial, is not false, since it takes nobody in. It is nevertheless becoming. Miss Hanbury takes no note of the flight of time. Her nieces in her eyes are still young girls. She is never so happy as when she thinks a matrimonial prospect has been opened to either one or the other of them. She has a yearly income of £150 and they have each about £30 per annum. The total is not large. But with the help of a lady boarder they manage to keep a snug table and see a good deal of company in the evenings. The greater part of their friends are Irish of Home Rule proclivities. Some of them are priests. For the benefit of the reverend gentlemen they often make whiskey punch. The alcoholic liquor is from the Green Isle and never paid a farthing to the inland revenue. It is pure mountain dew and tastes strong of the turf. Biggar was keenly alive to the merits of the punch which Miss Fanny Hyland mixed. For the sake of it he risked the chance of a breach-of-promise action.

The spiritual adviser of the family is a Passionist father who is in all the councils of the Home Rule party, and I believe of a section of the Fenians. He is fully as Hibernian as the whiskey that never saw the face of a ganger. When the delicate case of conscience was submitted to him by Miss Fanny to which she alluded in the London court of justice, he advised her to submit to being kissed if she could thereby hold Biggar fast. She was engaged to him. A little love-making was not therefore any harm. Mr. Patrick Egan's sympathies were entirely with Miss Fanny Hyland. The treasurer of the Land League regarded the defendant in the action as "a Belfast man," and therefore only semi-Irish.

Biggar is a most unamiable individual. Frenchmen laugh greatly and shrug their shoulders when they hear that he made his betrothed a present of a pair of boots. The proper thing would have been to have bought her an expensive fan, on which she might have raised the money requisite to protect her feet from the wet when out walking with the Member for Cavan. Mr. Biggar confesses to a fortune of £20,000. His Irish friends here say that he is a good deal richer than he admits. The Passionist father calculates that he must be worth £60,000. His father was an enterprising and very saving pork butcher and had a lucrative maritime business. J. Biggar, the M. P., added to the fortune by lucky speculations. He neglected, however, the pig-sticking trade since he went to Parliament, and was glad to sell his interest in the paternal house in order to avoid loss.

The Elysian Ball was, by reason of a snow-storm, prolonged until 8 o'clock this morning. As few who went to it were able to get away, the heat and crush were fearful. Carriages in most instances were weather-bound. During the intervals between the blinding falls of snow, there was that fearful state of slipperiness which is expressed by the word *verglas*. No Jehu was prepared for it. A fall of snow after the sun had risen mended matters and enabled the President's guests to betake themselves to their homes. The liberation of Byrne was a topic of conversation in the drawing-room which is reserved for ambassadors and prominent officials and political men. It was said that he was let out because M. Challemel-Lacour is angry at the turn which the London Foreign Office has given to the Madagascar affair, and at a very strong article in *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the French scheme for transporting recidivists. The secretary of the Land and Labor League was suddenly liberated. It is due to him to add that the evidence which supported the demand for extradition was feeble. A point, I dare say, would have been strained by the Ferry Government if England had lent herself to the scheme for colonizing Tonquin, the New Hebrides and the northern end of Madagascar with French convicts. Byrne was never more agreeably surprised in his life than when he was told that he was at liberty to quit the depot of the Prefecture of Police where he was detained for more than a week. He had been baited and indeed badgered by the Procurator's substitute the day before, and was treated almost as a guilty man when he admitted that he was in Dublin on the 23d of August—the day on which Field was murdered in North Frederick-st. I do not suppose that Byrne will return to England immediately. The week passed in jail has not pulled him down. What he suffered from most was the cold. His cell had a tiled floor and was near the Seine. The bed was hard and dirty, but the food was tolerably good.

A SENSIBLE SULTAN.

From London Society.

The theatre of a certain French provincial town was once in the very depths of impecuniosity, its company unpaid, and nigh upon starvation—all save the manager himself, whose versatile imagination and ready wit enabled him to obtain credit and fare well. One night, however, a clever "utility man" managed to get a capital supper out of him, and to eat it on the stage itself. The piece being represented was Voltaire's "Bagazet." There is a speech in it, where the Grand Vizier expresses in high-flown language his utmost attachment to *Bagazet*, and offers to sacrifice fortune and life to his person. Great was the astonishment and amusement of the audience on hearing from the lips of the bejewelled and glittering Sultan—personated by the "utility man"—the following *tag*, addressed to the Grand Vizier, played by the manager:

SULTAN—Are you indeed so devoted to me?

VIZIER (*somewhat taken aback*)—Bismillah, on my head be it if I show it not! (*Sotto voce*: What the deuce do you mean by this trash? Get on with the part.)

SULTAN (*not taking the least notice of the whisper*)—Well, then, most faithful servant and friend, I'll test you! Send forthwith to the nearest cookshop for six sous' worth of fried potatoes; for Allah is good, and knows that I have had no dinner to-day, and, by the Prophet, am hungry.

The audience roared, and would not allow the piece to proceed until the tricky manager had procured from a close adjoining restaurant a *recherché* dinner, which they forced the willing and famished Sultan to eat under their eyes.